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Sketch of Benjamin Lundy
a Son of New Jersey

and of his relations with his Disciple
and Associate Wm Lloyd Garrison.

from
Northern Monthly Mch 1868.

Anti Slavery.

1789-1839.



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BENJAMIN LUNDY.

A SKETCH OF HIS LIFE AND OF HIS RELATIONS WITH HIS DISCIPLE AND ASSOCIATE, WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.*

ONE of the uppermost thoughts of the visitor to the Patent Office, for the first time, is very likely to be rather saddening. The sight of many of the more dusty models deposited there could hardly fail to recall the fate of some of the depositors. Though they were the discoverers of the most important relations of science to the arts of life, they failed, as he would be reminded, to reap full credit for the fruits of their inventive genius—if, indeed, they were lucky enough to receive any credit at all—to say nothing of the pecuniary advantages of their inventions. Gone long since to their unmarked graves, their very memories slept with their ashes, while living men, profiting by their world-blessing achievements, robbed them utterly of their honors—perhaps consciously did so—and secured the advantages which should have inured to their posterity.

It is not exaggerating to say that not one fourth of the really great discoverers in science, or of the original appliers of its great principles, have reaped the glory, to say nothing of more substantial advantages, of what they have achieved. The very machinery and materials which will have been employed in the various processes of preparing this thought for this magazine and putting it in type, if their origins could with any certainty be traced out, would afford the most striking illustrations of the lamentable fact to which I call attention.

What we find true of discoverers and inventors in science and art, in this respect, is not less so of the greater portion of the pioneers in the work of social progress. While men worthy to be kept in everlasting remembrance are seldom thought of by even such of their cotemporaries as may still survive them, the names of living men who took up the good work which they left incomplete, perhaps the very men who were to them as a Paul at the feet of a Gamaliel, are on every tongue, as the veritable pioneers themselves, instead of their followers—as masters, instead of disciples only.

Of no man that has ever lived to bless his fellow-men, as a pioneer of reform, is the foregoing more strikingly true than of the son of New-Jersey whose name stands at the head of this article, while a keen and grateful appreciation of his worth furnishes its inspiration. And yet were I to stop, one by one, the next hundred men who jostled me in the thoroughfares of New-York, whose population always show-

* Embracing an unpublished letter of tribute from that gentleman.

ed itself to be alive to the question of slavery, because of the political, not to say the commercial, stake they had in it, and ask him who was the "*pioneer* of direct and distinctive anti-slavery in this country," what think you would be the reply? Would the majority of them give the correct one? No, alas! they would not. Not even a considerable minority of them would give it, while perhaps all of the younger of the respondents, unless unusually interested and well read in the history of the earlier anti-slavery movements, would give proof that the right man was not in their thoughts, if indeed they had even become aware of the fact that he had labored, not to say suffered, for the cause of the bondman as he did. Not one of the respondents would fail to pronounce the name of some living anti-slavery leader, which would be received with a due acknowledgment of his services by the questioner; and it is probable that the name of John Brown would first start in the thoughts of a large proportion of the questioned, because he had given so recent and unmistakable proof of his disinterestedness as well as of his earnestness, in the cause for which he gave his very life, and therefore, so to speak, compelled the remembrance of him by the masses, as one to be either loved or hated by his surviving countrymen. But I fear that not one in five of them would pronounce the name of BENJAMIN LUNDY, as that of the personage preëminently entitled to the peculiar distinction to which my question had reference.

If all of those who have not failed to become aware that such a man as Benjamin Lundy had lived and labored, some time or other, for the overthrow of slavery, and therefore feel obliged to catalogue his name when writing on that subject, would only give him his proper place, I, for one, should not feel as I now do, and as I long and strongly have felt, that there was need of thus bringing into popular prominence the cherished name of this real pioneer of "direct and distinctive anti-slavery," as Mr. Greeley, in his *American Conflict*, appreciatingly classes the subject of this tribute. But they do not, as the following lines, from the pen of one of the popular poets of the day, will show:

"Your names are on the mount of light!
I've seen them all—Bryant, Smith, Clay,
Greeley, Grow, Beecher, *Lundy*, Wright, —
And *Garrison*, who led the way!"

The moment I read the poem from which I have quoted this perversion of history, I resolved that the name of him who really "led the way" should not lack a proper recognition among the "immortal names that were not born to die," in our current literature, if I could do aught to prevent it.

Benjamin Lundy's birthplace was Hardwich, Sussex county, New-

Jersey, where his father also was born. The date of his birth is the 4th of January, 1789. He was of Quaker descent on both the paternal and maternal side of his ancestral house. His great-grandfather was a minister in the society of Friends, and one of no little influence, if we may judge by his activity in founding meetings of that peculiar sect. He was one of the founders, not only of a meeting held at Hardwich, but meetings elsewhere in the then wilderness of Pennsylvania, including those at Buckingham and Plumstead. His mother was a Shotwell, and of a family very numerous, as well as highly respectable, as their descendants in Philadelphia show. For what he undertook to perform, when a mere boy on his father's farm—for he himself tells us, in his private journal, that thereon he worked very hard—and subsequently in the field of reform, as we shall presently see, he was apparently any thing but equal in physical endowments. He was slightly built, and rather short in stature. Quiet and gentle by nature and domestic training, which characteristics were increased by a partial loss of his hearing when yet a youth, he was, indeed, about the last man to give promise of enduring what he actually did endure of fatigue and privation, in the work which he felt to be put upon him by Providence, and which he pursued with a degree of energy and perseverance most wonderful, as we shall in due time learn.

At the age of nineteen, young Lundy left the parental roof for a home in the West, the hope of increasing his bodily vigor becoming, so far as he was conscious of motives, the primary purpose of the change. After sojourning at several places east and west of Wheeling, Virginia, he located in that place. His residence at Wheeling proved the turning-point of his life, although his humble occupation—that of a saddler, which he learned there—was not such an one as would appear suggestive of the career on which he so soon entered, any more than that of his great religious forerunner, George Fox, the shoemaker, seemed prophetic of what he became. Indeed, Lundy himself tells us that he paid, most of the time while there, little attention to any thing but the merely mechanical business in which he was engaged. But his faculties became known to himself—a most important discovery for a young man—and the principles that afterward guided him in his public labors were “formed and fixed.”

Of the initiatory process by which the anti-slavery impulse, which so vivified his eventful after-life and brought forth such precious, though personally costly fruits, was given to his young mind, I prefer to let him speak for himself:

“The man with whom I lived was a regular gambler, and my only associates were wild, fashionable youths; clever enough, (in the American sense of the word, that is, amiable,) but thoughtless; and fond of

frivolous sport. For my own part, I had some concern for the future; and, upon reflection, I resolved to check my unreasonable propensities before it should be too late. I kept on my plain dress, attended regularly the meetings of our religious society, shunned every species of gambling and frolicking, and spent most of my leisure in reading useful books. It was in this situation that I first became acquainted with the wrongs of the slave. Wheeling was a great thoroughfare for the traffickers in human flesh. Their 'coffles' passed through the place frequently. My heart was greatly grieved at the great abomination; I heard the wail of the captive; I felt his pang of distress; and the iron entered my soul."

Before settling in Wheeling, as I have already intimated, Lundy had visited Mount Pleasant, Ohio. There he returned, after learning his trade. After remaining there two years, during which time there was no visible cropping-out of the anti-slavery feeling which had entered his heart while in Wheeling, he commenced using his pen, and publishing some of his efforts anonymously. But they were poetical effusions mainly and "tirades of a bachelor against matrimony," but they gave not a word of tirade against slavery. After paying a visit to his father, in New-Jersey, he returned to Mount Pleasant, married a Miss Lewis—his love for whom was the inspiration of his "tirade of a bachelor against matrimony," most likely, though unconsciously—who proved to be a congenial companion. He removed, with his bride, to St. Clairsville, Ohio, where he went to work at his trade.

Seeing that quiet mechanic sitting there at his clamp, stitching away at saddle-skirts, wagon-harness, and bridle-reins, one would have thought that the "coffles" of Wheeling had been entirely forgotten, along with the "wail of the captive" into whose flesh they had cut their cruel way. But far otherwise was the fact. Though he stitched and stuffed for four long years, mainly to get money to expend in the cause of the slave—albeit, not exactly with any well-defined purpose of the sort either—he was saving money and rearing a healthy and happy family, and that, to his neighbors, no doubt, seemed to fill the measure of his desire. At the end of the four years thus spent he had about three thousand dollars saved—a fact which, considering that, meanwhile, he had a wife and two children to provide for, indicated that he was a man likely to pursue most faithfully and untiringly whatever he might undertake to do.

But the seed of truth, sown in his heart while at Wheeling, by the unwitting hand, so to speak, that applied the coffles and wielded the slave-driver's whip, had not lost the vitality of its germ. On the contrary, it was only awaiting a favorable season to swell into life, grow, and bear fruit. In the year 1815, we find him, (then twenty-six years of age,) calling an anti-slavery meeting in St. Clairsville, a

little village, which I remember to have found, seven years afterward, too sleepy to lead to the suspicion that there was any thing in its atmosphere to incite to any such meeting. But the meeting was called, even there—called by a voice that would not be still in that young Quaker's bosom, and held under circumstances sufficiently discouraging to break the purpose of a less earnest soul than his. Only five or six persons responded, although there was nothing in the modest and surely pacific purpose to form a "Union Humane Society"—for that was the object and result of the meeting—to keep the most conservative of his neighbors away from it. This meeting was held at Lundy's own house. But soon the five or six received accessions, and an anti-slavery association, for whose assemblages his cottage was no longer sufficiently capacious, was a fixed fact at St. Clairsville; and in six months, four or five hundred of the humble saddler's neighbors, the best citizens of Belmont county and the region around about, were enrolled under his unostentatious leadership.

The purpose of our young reformer was now strengthened and confirmed. Nay, it was emboldened. His pen was again at work; but this time not merely on "a bachelor's tirades against matrimony." There was other work than this to keep it busy now. It was the pen of a husband and a father, who could appreciate, as not even when looking upon them in Wheeling, the pangs felt by black husbands and fathers, driven away from their loved ones at home in Southern Maryland and Eastern Virginia, in chained gangs, to stock the sugar plantations of Louisiana. What he now wrote was an "Appeal to Philanthropists" against the institution which made those civilization-and-religion-outraging and heaven-defying gangs or coffles necessary. When that appeal was written, Lundy was only twenty-seven years old—for it was penned on his birthday.

That address, though short and simple—the quiet though deep-toned utterance of an earnest heart, and characteristic of its author—was the kernel of the vast anti-slavery growth that finally covered this whole land with its shade, and fed its inhabitants with its liberty-vitalizing as well as nation-saving fruitage.

Lundy's first connection with the newspaper press in any sense was as a contributor to a weekly journal called *The Philanthropist*, started by Charles Osborne, at Mount Pleasant, subsequently to the organization of the "Union Humane Society." But the idea of writing any thing himself, except a few lines now and then, seems to have been beyond his utmost aspirations, and hence his contributions were mainly selections. We can understand the surprise which his private journal assures us he felt, a few months later, met by a request that he would assist in editing this public journal. The thought that he could do such a thing had never entered his head. But, on the repe-

tition of the request, he consented to "try," and from that hour, although finding it necessary to work at his trade, while residing ten miles from the office, he continued to prepare editorials, until he finally consented to become a partner in the concern, and remove to Mount Pleasant and take charge of it. Having discharged some of his hands from the saddlery shop, he took a part of his stock to St. Louis, in a flat-boat, for sale, preparatory to launching his new business-boat upon the waves of uncertainty. In the slow and tedious voyage down the Ohio river, and up the Mississippi, his boys worked at their trade, while he himself steered the boat. He arrived at St. Louis late in the fall of 1819. He found the city, and the whole region indeed, greatly excited by the Missouri question. He was drawn into the controversy as a newspaper contributor. Of course he took the anti-slavery side. That being the unpopular side, his business speculation was affected unfavorably by it, and a failure, which the commercially unsettled condition of the whole country rendered probable, became a certainty. He returned home on foot during the winter, minus nearly two years of his early manhood, and all the money he was worth, beside.

On Lundy's return to Ohio, another and sadder disappointment awaited the undying purpose of that great soul in a little body. His partner in *The Philanthropist*, wearied and disheartened at the prospect of the loss of his own money also, and along with it his good name with his more conservative friends, had sold out his printing and publishing establishment, and it was already gone to Jonesboro, Tennessee. But, in accordance with his purpose before leaving home, Lundy removed back to Mount Pleasant. There, in perpetual remembrance of the clanking of the chains of the slave-gangs at Wheeling, which, no doubt, haunted his very dreams by night, while they resounded in his ears by day, partially deaf to actual sounds though they had been rendered by over-work in his boyhood, he could not get his consent to let that pen, which he had now learned to employ, lie idle long. So, in January, 1821, there was issued the first number of *The Genius of Universal Emancipation*, his own darling monthly, the name of which will live to their latest hour, with that of its projector and long sole publisher and editor, in the memories of living men who have never ceased to think devoutly of him and it; and millions in searching hereafter in history for the real pioneer of the greatest politico-social conflict that has ever convulsed any country, will suddenly pause and whisper gratefully to themselves, "Thank God for giving a Lundy to America!"

The courageous enterprise of the *Genius* was welcomed by only six subscribers (!) at its commencement. This would have settled its fate as the flattest conceivable failure in the estimation of almost any

other man of that or any other era. But, in remembrance that he was glad to get a circulation for just the same number of copies of his Address to the Philanthropists, already mentioned, after he had prepared them most toilsomely in manuscript, he was nothing daunted. Without any printing appliances whatever of his own, and practically ignorant of their use, if he had been possessed of them, and the only printing-office that Mount Pleasant had ever boasted gone far away to Tennessee, he was obliged to seek a printer at Steubenville. To and from that place, distant twenty miles, he trudged on foot, going with his manuscripts in his pocket, and returning, with his entire edition on his back, to his office of publication! "I begun the work," says he, "without a dollar of funds, trusting for success in the sacredness of the cause. Nor was I disappointed. In four months from the commencement, my subscription-list had become quite large"—how large, we are left to our own surmises.

About this time Elihu Embree—most probably, like himself, a descendant of the Quakers—who had become the owner of *The Philanthropist* establishment, (a weekly paper,) died, and Lundy was solicited to remove to Jonesboro, with the view of uniting the two journals and printing them in the office of the weekly. He consented. The distance to this new home was eight hundred miles. One half of this, he was aware, he would have to travel on foot. But then, he, no doubt, thought of the slaves who had traveled the same journey in chains, while he could at least walk untrammelled and as a freeman; and he undertook the journey cheerfully, and ere long found himself at his new post. At Jonesboro he learned the art of printing, and was soon enabled to issue *The Genius* and the weekly newspaper, and an agricultural monthly beside.

He finally removed his family to Tennessee, which was his home for three years. During this period *The Genius* was the only exclusively anti-slavery journal in this country, although it was understood to be increasing steadily in circulation and usefulness, and therefore, had it been published in the interest of a more popular cause, would very likely have had competitors. But it was not permitted to him to publish it unmolested by the Tennesseans. Often threatened with personal violence, he was once even locked up by two original "border ruffians," in a room where they played the jailer, and brandished deadly weapons, as indications of a purpose to play executioner also, if he refused to recant his opinions touching the "peculiar institution," or to cease promulgating them on the sacred soil of Tennessee!

In the winter of 1823-4, there met, in Philadelphia, the first convention for the abolition of slavery that had ever convened in the United States. Lundy traveled the entire distance of twelve

hundred miles, there and back, as an attendant—the first who ever sought such a convocation from so far a point South as his residence. Becoming personally acquainted, during this journey, with some of the abolitionists east of the Alleghany mountains, he was encouraged to remove his headquarters to some point on the Atlantic border. This he finally did, with the expectation of increasing its support and extending its influence. Baltimore was finally the place selected as his new base of operations. Thither he trudged, knapsacked as usual, in the summer of 1824, notwithstanding the few acquaintances he had made in that city gave him but slight encouragement; but that was a pabulum which was by no means indispensable to the vitality of a purpose so self-existent and indestructible as his.

During his journey to Baltimore, our reformer was not idle. He addressed a considerable number of meetings. Not permitted to profane with his anti-slavery doctrines the evangelical churches, or even the Quaker meeting-houses which sprinkled his path through North-Carolina, he spoke in "God's first temples," the groves which surrounded them. One of these meetings of our modern peripatetic was held at a house-raising, another at a militia-muster! Out of the military company he successfully formed an anti-slavery society of fourteen members, with the captain as its president. The Friends being very numerous in the Old North State, at that day, but for this incident one would have concluded that they were the sole promoters of his success there, as also in Virginia, where the same sect flourished—a success the elating extent of which is shown by the fact that he organized more than a dozen anti-slavery societies in the two States referred to. That the Friends formed at least the nuclei of his societies and created the moral atmosphere which made most of them a possibility, I have no doubt whatever; for they elsewhere have, however unwillingly or unconsciously, furnished through the individual aid of their less controllable younger members and the "hickory" Phineas Fletchers, who have caught the full meaning of their anti-slavery practice, the *salt* of the abolition movement.

Lundy reached Baltimore about the first of October, 1824, and on the tenth of the same month he issued Number One, Volume Fourth, of his *Genius*, spite the cold shoulders he encountered, at every turn, from the residents of the place and neighborhood, from whom he thought he had a right to expect words of sympathy and also material aid. But, nothing dampened in his purpose—with him, most emphatically, the purpose of a lifetime—and looking for sustainment from other quarters, he now converted his journal into a weekly.

Being assured by a number of slaveholders, who had become disposed to emancipate their slaves on the soil, but were, monstrously enough, denied the privilege by the laws of their respective States,

that they were still ready to do so, if a secure and inviting home could be found for them, Lundy visited Hayti, during the following year, for the end of making suitable provision for their settlement there. Detained longer than he anticipated on this errand of love, he returned to Baltimore only to be met by the intelligence that his wife, after giving birth to twins during his absence, had died, leaving them, together with three older children, scattered, he knew not whither. The severity of this blow was greatly enhanced by not a little unqualified censure, which, as I happen to know, was heaped upon his head by even fellow-members of the society of Friends, for simply complying with the divine injunction—oftener preached in the hearing of the censors, perhaps by themselves, than practiced by them, I fear—to forsake every thing for that which commends itself to the inner consciousness as a clear duty; and no one fairly questioned that this was the case with Benjamin Lundy. But painfully crushing as it is to the sensitive reformer—and the true reformer is always sensitive—to be misunderstood, which is often harder to bear than being willfully misrepresented, he lost no time in defense of his course. His work was still before him, and he only saw his duty to consecrate his life anew to its performance. Of this, the sorest trial of his life, I will let him speak in his own words of devotion to his life purpose. He says:

“I returned to Baltimore with a heavy heart. On our arrival, the vessel was ordered to perform quarantine, and the persons on board were forbidden to land until the next day. I persuaded the captain, however, to go on shore with me at night, that I might see my little orphan children. We rowed a small boat several miles to the shore. I hastened to my dwelling, but found it deserted. All was lone and dreary within its walls. I roused some of the neighbors, but they could tell me nothing about my children. I returned with the captain, before daylight, to the vessel, and next day obtained legal permission to land. On further inquiry, I found that my little ones were scattered among my friends. But ‘home, with all its pleasures,’ was gone. The soul that once animated it had been called to the realms of eternal felicity, and I was left to mourn over the desolation that remained. I collected my children together, placed them with friends in whom I could confide, and renewed my vow to devote my energies to the cause of the slave, until the nation should be effectually roused in his behalf. I relinquished every prospect of the future enjoyment of an earthly home until that object should be accomplished.”

In 1828, we find Lundy traveling eastward, lecturing and soliciting subscribers to his *Genius*. While in New-York, he called on Arthur Tappan, then a successful as well as generous-hearted young

merchant. William Goodell he found at Providence, R. I. Those who remember how ultra this gentleman became, in subsequent life, in his anti-slavery belief and action, will be challenged to mirthfulness by reading from Lundy's journal, where he says of him, "I endeavored to *arouse* him; but he was, at that time, 'slow of speech.'" (!) Scarcely less strangely will now sound the words with reference to *Boston*, which I find in his journal, "*I could hear of no abolitionists resident in the place.*" (!) Of what transpired in Boston at this date, (1828,) seeing that it relates to his first meeting with William Lloyd Garrison, and the effect of their interview on that gentleman's opinions and future career, leading, as it did, to the discipleship of the latter to Benjamin Lundy, at whose feet he sat as one of old at the feet of Gamaliel—the beginning of the *conversion* of the former, in fact—I shall let Lundy's private journal tell *verbatim*, as follows :

"At the house where I staid, I became acquainted with William L. Garrison, who was also a boarder there. He had not then turned his attention particularly to the anti-slavery question. I visited the Boston clergy, and finally got together eight of them, belonging to various sects. Such an occurrence, it was said, was seldom if ever known before in the town. The eight clergymen all cordially approved of my object, and each of them cheerfully subscribed to my paper, in order to encourage, by their example, the members of their several congregations to take it. Mr. Garrison, who sat in the room and witnessed our proceedings, also expressed his approbation of my doctrines." Mr. G. shortly afterward wrote an article on the subject, in one of the daily papers—understood to be the first article he ever penned in the interest of the anti-slavery reform, to which, thenceforward, he appears to have devoted his energies. Lundy extended his journey, which took him to Boston, to the more northern of the New-England States, and thence to the lake region of New-York, speaking in all the principal cities thereof.

Under date of the 20th of May, 1828, I find an entry in Lundy's journal, which shows his keen appreciation of the unvarying practical results of free labor, while it gives the lie, in a quiet Quaker way, to the slur so frèquently cast upon abolitionists, that they have never been able, because of the "one idea" entertaining habit of their lives, to see any thing but the "everlasting nigger." It is this: "Saw, this morning, a cotton-factory at New-Rochelle, near which were fifteen or twenty boys, from eight to fourteen years of age, all at play, hopping and jumping. They went to work at the ringing of the factory-bell. This is the way the Yankees get rich: *no idlers out of the cradle!*" This he evidently meant as a gentle hint to the Southern people, who had no cotton-factories, but thousands of "idlers out of the cradle," who remained such till they went to their graves, and whose

sons followed their example, and would have gone to their graves idle in turn, many of them, had not their own rebellion given them an incentive to find their way there actively as soldiers dying in a bad cause.

Lundy had frequently forwarded emancipated slaves to Hayti—at one time eighty-eight, who had been owned by a single master—and caused them to be comfortably settled there; and he paid a second visit to that island in the spring of 1829. He also visited Canada, to inspect the condition of the fugitive slaves there, and traveled twice through the then wild Mexican province of Texas to the further side of the Rio Grande, in the expectation of obtaining a grant of land from the Mexican government, whereon to settle such slaves as owners might be willing to emancipate on the same conditions as those he had settled in Hayti already, and such free blacks as might prefer to join them. But this scheme was met by many discouragements, and finally was abandoned. His hardships, while traveling to and fro, and while in Mexico—often with little or no food, and scanty, self-mended garments, his means of support being such pittance as he earned by making and mending saddles and bridles, at times almost famished for even water, sleeping on the bare ground night after night, with his knapsack for a pillow—were such as few civilians like himself, not inured to the hunter's or trapper's life, have ever encountered, even for mere personal and selfish ends. There is one passage narrating a portion of the rare experience referred to, which I can not feel content to withhold from the reader: "August 6th, 1833, I set out from San Felipe, before daylight, for Bexar. The grass was so dewy that I had occasion to stop three times before breakfast to pour the water from my shoes and wring out my stockings. When night came on, I lay down on the grass by the roadside, my knapsack serving as a pillow, and my small, thin cloak for sheets and counterpane; while my hat, my staff, and my pistol, smartly charged, lay at arm's length from my person. Thus, under the broad canopy of heaven, with countless stars and distilling dews, I reposed till after midnight. But owing to the attacks of numerous mosquitoes, the apprehension of visits from more formidable though not more ferocious enemies, such as panthers, alligators, and rattlesnakes, and the pains of fatigue, resulting from exposure to the hot sun during the day, the very idea, even, of sleep, almost forsook me!"

I have already purposely disregarded the chronological order of events in the strangely eventful life of Lundy, for the convenience of condensation. In doing so I have passed over the dates of several occurrences, including most important and thrilling ones connected with the close of his residence in Baltimore. Still reserving these

for comment at the close of this sketch, I will run rapidly through his career elsewhere.

He was compelled by the force of events (to be noticed hereafter) to remove his paper to Washington, and finally (in 1830) to Philadelphia. In the latter city it took the name of *The National Inquirer*, which was at length merged into *The Pennsylvania Freeman*.

On the 17th day of May, 1838, Pennsylvania Hall—a building erected in Philadelphia by the abolitionists, because they could, on account of the influence of slavery there, no longer hire any place for their meetings—was put to the flames by a mob, in the interest of a slavery-fed and slavery-controlled commerce, and burned to the ground, with all the furniture and other contents. In it, as preparatory to his migration westward, were deposited all that was left of the worldly possessions of this great and good man, and, of course, they met the fate of the other contents of the building; and, now that they were lost beyond recovery, the manner of their destruction found but little regret in their impoverished owner, or if regret, consolation mingled with and counteracting it, as we may surmise, at the circumstance that the company in which they were consumed was most poetically befitting them, as the books and papers of one who had been the head and front of the offending that had invited the torch of the pro-slavery incendiary.

In July of the year that was signalized by the event last recorded, Lundy removed to Lowell, La Salle county, Illinois. There he gathered his children around him, and resumed the publication of his *Genius*; but he did not long enjoy the hopes which were revived in his bosom by the resumption of his darling publication. Attacked by a fever prevalent in that section, his already severely overtaxed frame, which was from birth any thing but equal to the Herculean tasks his singularly indomitable will had assigned to it, succumbed, and he died calmly and contentedly, declaring to his physician, who had just performed that most reluctant of all duties of the profession, by telling him that his end was rapidly approaching, "I feel as if I were already in paradise!"

I will now go back to the career of Benjamin Lundy in Baltimore, for the purpose of redeeming my promise to the reader. Although he had always been cautious and guarded in his language, however severe his denunciation of the domestic slave-trade, and avoided uncalled for personalities, he did not fail to excite the malevolent ire of the Baltimore slave-dealers. In the winter of 1828-9, he was assaulted in the street by one of this class (Austin Woolfolk) and beaten almost to death, for commenting on his conduct. The judge, (Nicholas Brice,) before whom the assailant was tried, said that the assailed "got no more than he deserved, and sent his paper to the grand-

jury, charging that several passages in it were libelous. The grand-jurors, however, did not agree with his honor, and did not find a bill of indictment. For more than a year after this he met with no further serious interference. But, ceasing to remain the sole controller of his own destiny, fresh trouble was in store for him.

In the number of *The Genius of Universal Emancipation*, bearing the date of September 2d, 1829, we find the announcement that Mr. Garrison, who had previously declined an invitation to join him at Baltimore, had become associated with him, as assistant editor. In his introductory, Mr. Garrison stated, as he had done previously in *The Journal of the Times*, a paper which he had started in Vermont, subsequently to his first interview with Lundy in Boston—as the outgrowth, as we are warranted in supposing, of the new opinions and strengthened sentiments then implanted in his mind and heart—that “the energies of his (Mr. Garrison’s) life should be devoted to the overthrow of the three greatest evils which curse our race—slavery, intemperance, and war.”

For a time the new association seemed to promise increased power for good, and a longer lease for using it, than had been in prospect before its formation. Mr. Garrison was “less guarded in his language” than his more experienced and cautious senior, and soon brought serious trouble upon his own head, and discomfiture to the *Genius* and its owner. Having severely denounced the owners and captain of a vessel sailing out of Baltimore, for carrying slaves as a cargo to New-Orleans, (the circumstance of the captain being a Yankee, born in Garrison’s native town, Newburyport, being referred to as if aggravating his moral turpitude,) Mr. Garrison suddenly found himself in the hands of both the criminal and civil law. The result, to Mr. Garrison, was the imposition of a fine of fifty dollars and costs, in default of the payment whereof he was committed to jail, where he remained till released by the payment of the requisite sum by Arthur Tappan. A civil verdict, also, of one thousand dollars damages followed, which latter was never exacted. But to Lundy the result was still worse; for he was not only imprisoned, but so constantly threatened with heavier lawsuits and longer imprisonments, that, finding “the spirit of tyranny” in Maryland, which had been aroused by Mr. Garrison’s severity and appetized by the success of his conviction, “too strong and malignant” for him, he was utterly broken up in Baltimore and compelled to remove to Washington, as previously chronicled, which was the beginning of that unsettlement which ultimately ended in his impoverishment and removal to the West, where he died.

This brings us to the consideration of a question which is understood to have given Mr. Garrison himself more or less discomfort—

namely, how far the family and friends of Benjamin Lundy held him responsible for his downward career as an anti-slavery publisher, which certainly dated from the article for which Mr. Garrison suffered the penalty of Maryland's slavery-shielding laws, and how justly or unjustly they did so.

The following letter bears on this point. It was addressed by Mr. Garrison, when on the eve of his last departure to Europe, to one who, as an active official member of a young men's anti-slavery society, was honorably and usefully associated with Benjamin Lundy in his anti-slavery effort in Baltimore, and is a contributor to the tribute fund which grateful hearts have bestowed upon Mr. Garrison, in recognition of his great services as the acknowledged and honored leader in later abolition movements. I have kindly been permitted by its recipient to use it in full, not only because it bears on the question referred to, but for the further reason that will appear presently :

JOHN A. KENNEDY, ESQ. :

ROXBURY, May 1, 1867.

DEAR SIR : The receipt and perusal of your letter of the twenty-fifth ult. gave me very great pleasure. I thank you for the warm and generous approval of my anti-slavery career contained in it, and rejoice with you in the total abolition of slavery throughout our land. If, as a humble instrumentality in effecting the overthrow of that nefarious system, I have been prominent, it has not been of my seeking ; for, at the outset, I expected to follow others, not to lead ; and, certainly, I neither sought nor desired conspicuity. Standing for a time alone under the banner of immediate and unconditional emancipation, I naturally excited the special enmity and wrath of the whole country as the "head and front" of abolition offending ; and now that the cause once so odious is victorious, and four millions of bondmen have had their fetters broken, it is not very surprising that, in this "era of good feeling," my labors and merits are immensely overrated. Others have labored more abundantly, encountered more perils, and endured more privations and sufferings ; but every one has been indispensable, in his or her place, to bring about the grand and glorious result ; and it is not a question of comparison as to who was earliest in the field, or who labored the most efficiently, but one of sympathy for the oppressed, and an earnest desire to see their yoke immediately broken. There should be no boasting on the one hand, nor jealousy on the other. Therefore, while disclaiming any peculiar deserts on my part, I trust the "testimonial," which has been so unexpectedly raised in approval of my anti-slavery career, will not be viewed by any of my co-laborers as invidious, but rather as symbolizing a common triumph and a common vindication.

Be assured, it will not be the particular amount subscribed to the testimonial by any one that will attract my attention or excite my gratitude, but only the evident spirit in which the subscription is made. Of course, I did not know that any application had been made to you by any agent of the very responsible committee having it in charge ; but your name alone, with only "the widow's mite" annexed, would give me high satisfaction, knowing your early and steadfast interest in the success of the anti-slavery movement, in connection with the labors of Benjamin Lundy—that persevering and indomitable pioneer, to whom I shall ever be immensely indebted for having been the first to call my attention to the

subject of slavery, and to urge me to consecrate my life to the extirpation of that barbarous system. He ought to be far better known and remembered, and I have deeply regretted that, for unknown reasons, his relatives were not willing that I should prepare his biography.

You are quite right in saying that, without the slaveholders' rebellion, we could scarcely have expected such a result within a century or two. Yet that rebellion was simply the product of the moral agitation for the abolition of slavery, and, in fact, its triumphant culmination. Truly,

"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform ;"

and, if ever the cunning were caught in their own craftiness and the counsels of the froward carried headlong, it has been signally illustrated in the fate which has overtaken the haughty "lords of the lash" at the South.

Your handsome recognition of the eminent service rendered by Mr. Helper and his *Impending Crisis* is well merited.

It was in the same cause you almost lost your life, and fell crushed and mangled under the blows of traitorous and pro-slavery ruffians in New-York, while doing official and manly service in the cause of liberty and order.

Very truly yours,

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

This letter should serve to settle two things. The first is, that Mr. Garrison himself has had no desired, however conscious, connection with that overshadowing of the name and fame of Benjamin Lundy with his own, to which allusion is made in the introductory portion of this article ; and the other, that Mr. Garrison feels gratefully conscious of being indebted to the indomitable and persevering pioneership of one to whom he is proud to own that he once held the relationship of a disciple to a master, for having called his attention to the subject of slavery, and urged him to consecrate his life, as he has since done, to its overthrow.

As to the "*unknown* reason"—as it seems to have remained to Mr. Garrison—why Lundy's relatives "were not willing that he should prepare his biography," it will suffice to say that, notwithstanding the fact that those relatives have felt resentful toward him for having caused, as they think they had good reason to conclude, the serious interruption, if not the total disruption, however unintentionally, of Lundy's plans at Baltimore, and that they had become very distrustful, not to say jealous of him, to a greater or less degree—whether rightfully or wrongfully it is not the purpose of this article to determine—the perusal of such a frankly avowing and generous-toned letter as the foregoing, before their decision against him as Lundy's biographer, would have considerably altered their feelings, if not determined them to an opposite decision. But, be this as it may, I take occasion to say that no one who listened, as the writer of this did to the recital of the story of what were felt to be

the grievances of his family, made to him by a half-sister of Lundy, now deceased, could have helped sympathizing, to some degree, with the reciter in the antipathy which she shared with still living relatives, but which, let us hope, Mr. Garrison's frank disclaimer will serve to remove. To this I beg leave to add, that, in my judgment, it should at the same time insure the placing of Mr. Garrison's own name in an increased favorable light on the memorial tablet of the popular heart, as a companion of that of the quiet and undemonstrative, though not the less earnest-souled, man whose *protégé* he, in this frank letter, in effect, declares himself well content to be considered by the younger and still active friends of progress, who were wont to defer to him as a trusted leader, although differing with him in the past, as some of them honestly did, as to the doctrines to be enunciated and the means to be used for the accomplishment of a beneficent common end; and such will estimate him all the more highly because of his magnanimity toward the memory of Lundy. Reference to the difference of opinion among the friends of the anti-slavery reform suggests the propriety of the writer saying that, although he is one of those who have differed with Mr. Garrison in that view of the *animus* of the framers of the Constitution which induced him to pronounce their work "a covenant with death and an agreement with hell," he is not the less grateful to him for the influence which his teachings and example have exerted on his own life. He is free to confess that nothing less startling than the thunders of Garrisonianism would have been sufficient to rouse him from a comparative indifference to the moral aspects of the issue between freedom and slavery, which held him back for a time, after he came to recognize the "peculiar institution" of his fathers as an "evil in the abstract," which it was so fashionable to designate it at his then home in Maryland, and elsewhere in the South. But the uncompromising spirit of Mr. Garrison's doctrines was not all that gave him and his disciples such an electric influence on the popular mind. The secret lay partly in the non-voting phase of their movement; for it was this that inspired even their most determined opponents with the belief that they were not only in earnest, but disinterested. What they did in behalf of the oppressed could not be fairly suspected of that selfishness which too commonly animates the mere politician, seeing that they voluntarily put political preferment beyond the reach of themselves. In saying this, I will not be suspected of an attempt to decry that class of anti-slavery men who saw their duty in political action, when I remind the reader that I myself have acted with them. This frank avowal of my own friendly relation to Mr. Garrison has, I hope, rendered it unnecessary for me to declare—and yet my caution suggests my doing so—that the simple purpose of

this paper is accomplished. It was to do something toward what Mr. Garrison himself, in his letter to Mr. Kennedy, has declared to be desirable—to make “better known and remembered” one the story of whose singularly disinterested and self-forgetting life has not, I am sure, failed to awaken in the readers of *THE NORTHERN MONTHLY*, as I confess it has always awakened in me, the profoundest veneration, and the conviction that no American apotheosis would be complete without the name of BENJAMIN LUNDY.

Since the foregoing was forwarded to *THE NORTHERN MONTHLY*, the New-York *Independent* has published a quiet protest from Thomas H. Genin, a venerable resident of St. Clairsville, Ohio, embracing a letter from Mrs. Susan M. Wierman, Benjamin Lundy’s eldest daughter, in which statements are made essentially confirmatory of what I have recorded respecting this great and good man’s anti-slavery efforts, and which can not fail to assist in securing something like justice to his memory and a fuller appreciation of his pioneering services in the cause of freedom. I give the opening and closing sentences of this communication, as follows :

“In your notice of Leutze’s intention to paint the emancipators, (January 3d, 1867,) you say : ‘William Lloyd Garrison is the pioneer and founder of the grand moral movement which generated the public sentiment in obedience to which slavery in the United States was abolished.’ Mr. Garrison is entitled to very great credit in this matter. I would not detract from him, but would allow the just claims of others. Garrison could have been scarce eleven years old when Benjamin Lundy assembled by his importunity some persons who had virtue in abundance, but rusty for want of use, at the tavern of William Sharpless, in St. Clairsville, Ohio—among them Charles Hammond, subsequently of the Cincinnati *Gazette*—to form an abolition association. . . .

“Mr. Lundy sold his house in St. Clairsville, closed his saddlery-shop, issued *The Genius of Universal Emancipation*, devoted himself, soul, body, and business, to the cause of abolition from the year 1815 until his death, in 1839. He published the first abolition paper, commencing in January, 1821, and continued it with little interruption for nineteen years. He lectured and traveled much, and urged others to aid the cause. Not the least of his trophies is his bringing of Mr. Garrison into the field. This recruit has done him distinguished honor, though he did not appear in arms until Lundy had been thirteen years engaged—eight years as editor and five as an efficient agitator in other respects. As a fruit of his agitation, I send, for Mr. Tilton’s inspection, an oration of May 14th, 1818, of which the ‘Union Humane Society’ distributed a large edition. It aims to remove prejudices against negroes, and its arguments seem as much needed now as then.”

To this important communication, which is dated the twenty-fifth of March last, although only now published, the editor of *The Independent* replies as follows :

“Mr. Lundy, in point of time, was before Mr. Garrison, as Woolman, Benezet,

Franklin, and others were before Mr. Lundy ; but it is true, notwithstanding, as we said a year ago, that 'Mr. Garrison is the pioneer and founder of the grand moral movement which generated the public sentiment in obedience to which slavery in the United States was abolished.' That 'movement,' strictly speaking, began with the enunciation, by Garrison, of the doctrine of *immediate*, in distinction from *gradual* emancipation, and in the assertion by him of the right of the slave to freedom on the American soil, in opposition to all schemes of expatriation and colonization ; and it took form in the organization of the New-England Anti-Slavery Society, upon these principles, in January, 1832. Mr. Lundy, up to this date, and for some time afterward, was a gradualist and a colonizationist, and his journey to Texas had for its object a scheme of colonization. The difference of sentiment on these points between him and Mr. Garrison made it necessary, during their partnership as editors of *The Genius of Universal Emancipation*, that each of them should assume responsibility only for his own articles, Mr. Lundy's bearing the signature 'L,' and Mr. Garrison's that of 'G.'

"Mr. Garrison could hardly perform a more acceptable service in respect to the past than by giving to the world an account of his first acquaintance with Mr. Lundy, and of his subsequent association with him in the anti-slavery cause. These columns are open to him for such a sketch."

I agree with the editor of *The Independent*, that Mr. Garrison could not perform a more acceptable service than the giving of the statement called for, by which I should expect Benjamin Lundy's version of their first meeting, as I have reproduced it, to be confirmed in every essential particular.

But I must be allowed to say, with due deference, that I think fresh injustice is done to the memory of Lundy by the inference, here drawn, of so wide a difference of sentiment and action between him and Mr. Garrison, as classes the latter as a "colonizationist," as that word will be understood in its connection in *The Independent*, and the former as one totally opposed to colonization, no matter where or under what circumstances. To the contrary of this, Lundy only favored colonization when slaves were freed on condition of their settlement elsewhere ; and in this respect he and Mr. Garrison were fully agreed. They were also agreed in their preference for a particular location, and they both alike gave that preference to Hayti, rather than to Liberia. In the very same issue of *The Genius of Universal Emancipation* which contained the announcement that Mr. Garrison had become associated with him in its management, (September 2d, 1829,) Lundy gave an article upon "the present state of things in Hayti," in which he spoke favorably of the opening for blacks emancipated on condition that they would go there. With this view, Mr. Garrison, we are assured in a biography of Lundy by the late Thomas Earle, which was sanctioned by his (L.'s) own children, cordially united in his introductory address to their readers, wherein he (G.) declared, as he had done previously in his solely managed paper, (*The Journal of the Times*,) that no man contem-

plated with more intense and unmingled satisfaction the colony of Liberia than he did, it being "full of generous respiration and young blood;" that, as an auxiliary to abolition, colonization deserved encouragement, but as a remedy it was inadequate; and, if they depended on colonization societies *alone*, slavery would never be exterminated; and that he viewed Hayti with a favorable eye as a home for emancipated slaves.

Wherein, then, did Garrison differ from Lundy? To suppose that they did differ so radically as is inferred by *The Independent*, is seemingly, though unintentionally we feel sure, to impute bad faith to Mr. Garrison in consenting to such an association—especially in view of its peculiar purpose and the time and place—and to attribute to both him and Lundy indiscretion, not to say insanity. But, I respectfully submit, there really was no such essential difference in 1829. Neither was there in 1832, as is attempted to be shown by *The Independent*—for in the November issue of *The Genius* in that year, which commenced a new volume, Lundy said: "The primary object of this work has ever been to show that justice, like charity, should begin at home; that no dependence can be placed on a system of foreign operations *alone* in the abolition of slavery. The total failure of the 'African Institution' in England, and the waning popularity of the Colonization Society in the United States, may be adduced in proof of the correctness of this axiom. The former has given place to a patriotic congregation of West-India emancipators, and the latter is destined to be superseded by something of a more philanthropic nature."

But we have stronger evidence still, if needed, to prove that there was no essential disagreement between these co-laborers in a great and good cause, in a notice of Mr. Garrison's *Liberator* in the December number of *The Genius* in the same year. In it, Lundy, in copying from the prospectus of the third volume of *The Liberator* Mr. Garrison's own explanation of what he meant by "immediate, not gradual emancipation," explicitly and frankly coincides with him thus: "He (Garrison) urges nothing impracticable, nor in the least degree dangerous to the peace and welfare of the community at large. The utility and safety of measures such as are here proposed have been often tested and fully sustained."

As to the cause of Lundy and Garrison appending "L." and "G." to their articles, as I read the history of the case, it was difference in the temper and tone of their articles, and the desire to avoid legal responsibility by the one for the statements of the other, rather than any essential difference of opinions themselves, that necessitated this. But, when we hear from Mr. Garrison himself on this, along with other points in controversy, we shall be better prepared to decide it.

In this hope I shall await his response with a lively interest. Duplicating the generous acknowledgment made in the above letter to Mr. Kennedy, as we think it will, a timely though gentle reproof will, through it, be administered to certain overweening disciples of Mr. Garrison, who deport themselves as though they thought the fame of their favorite could be made brighter by overshadowing that of one to whom he himself is content to do deference as a disciple to his master—thus playing the part, practically, however unintentionally, of a grandchild who should minify his grandfather's name, as if that were necessary, in order to magnify that of his father.

UNDER THE CURSE.

A FRAGMENT.

WHY do I toil, with worn and wandering feet,
 On never-ending journeys, without aim?
 Through whirling snows, and summer drifts of heat,
 In want and weariness, through all these years—the same.
 I may not stay, I can not rest nor sleep;
 But on and on I wander in despair,
 And, in my rage, my hoary beard I tear.
 Of years and centuries I take no keep;
 I only know that I am very old,
 Crowned with a curse, girt with immortal woe,
 To hate each pulse-beat, writhe at every breath;
 Each thought remorse, each memory a throe,
 To LIVE, and yearn unspeakably for DEATH!

All whom I loved are turned to common mould,
 And intermingled with the vulgar dust,
 In the long ages which o'er them have rolled,
 While I still live and wander—as I must.

One voice is ever swelling on the air,
 One word is ever throbbing in my ear;
 It breaks my strength, it overawes my will;
 Amid the city's roar the voice I hear,
 And in the battle-trumpet's deafening blare
 It follows on, and haunts and holds me still.
 One ghostly form affrights me everywhere;
 Stands, barring up my often changing path,
 And goads me into frenzy and despair.



